

## COMPRESIÓN DE TEXTOS ESCRITOS - TAREA 2 (7 x 1 = 7 puntos)

You are going to read a newspaper article where a woman describes a summer job she once had. Choose the option (A, B or C) that best completes each statement. Question 0 has been completed as an example. **WRITE YOUR ANSWERS IN THE CORRESPONDING BOX ON THE ANSWER SHEET PROVIDED.**

### THE PORCINE QUEEN

A hot pork roll stand in Peterborough isn't the most obvious place to find out you're a natural despot, but it's where my inner dictator first emerged in the working world. I was benevolent yet damning. I ruled with an iron fist (and fork). In essence, I was the Catherine the Great of country shows in the 90s. And I *loved* it.

I didn't start off that way. The world of work terrified me. I wasn't remotely practical, I found other humans largely terrifying and an onslaught of hungry strangers pressed a lot of anxiety buttons in my brain. But in front of a spit I discovered the full force of my naturally loud voice, my instinctive girl-boss spirit and the fact I adored being in charge of just about everything.

When you're dishing out pork crackling you have power. Real power. People get feudal about crispy animal skin. Standing in front of a twirling dead pig doesn't sound like a situation from which to dish out summary justice but as summer jobs go it was simple: I was the Pork Tsar. I made my own laws and customs. My task was simple enough – pick up a cob, place stuffing, roast pork and crackling on top and ladle in a bit of gravy. But the quantities of that concoction could be subtly changed to reflect the qualities of the customer. A "please" and a smile earned more crackling. A lack of manners got fatty meat and a gravy overdose that would lead to a soggy bap – and that's hard to handle in a field with one napkin.

I may have been just the girl serving in a blue and white apron that made me look like a demented butcher but there should have been a crown on my head: I could make or break lunches. And I did. I was the Porcine Queen. Three days in, I'd gone full Stalin. Stuffing could be reduced to a scant scraping. Crackling quantities became even more arbitrary. Polite women with children and good-looking men got piles of the stuff. Grunting young farmers who I suspected had Tory leanings got none at all. I was out of control but no one complained. And I discovered a beautiful thing: I could be friendly but intimidating.

Sadly the country show gig economy meant that you leapt from one event to another. The fiefdom I had lovingly created stopped as soon as it had started. My next job was looking after the campsite at a three-day-event, which meant serving the middle and upper horsey classes. I had a working-class chip on my shoulder the size of the country park the thing was being held in and the thought of being looked down on made me incandescent, especially now I knew I was born to rule.

A mound of students were paired up at random. Andy from Oakham was a congenial companion. Things could be distasteful but there was satisfaction in tackling the unspeakable on a strictly temporary basis. Once you've cleaned the toilets and emptied the bins of people who eat a lot of game, most things in life seem manageable. Assumptions about the appalling snobbery of dressage fans were tossed aside as various old ladies invited us in for tea and snacks to escape the rain. Sitting on heavily patterned deckchairs in blue overalls being offered a cursory read of *Horse and Hound* was a surreal experience, especially when you smelt of bleach. The campers were partly being kind but Andy and I knew they were also eyeing our toilet rolls. It worked. The tents that gave us fruit cake got extra stock in their nearest portable toilets.

We became very adept at getting fed for free. We gorged ourselves on free samples from the Phileas Fogg snack stand and ate endless chutneys on wafer-thin biscuits. Ingenuity, blagging and, at times, total cheek: vital skills for a life in the creative industries were being primed.

At the time, my summer jobs seemed inconsequential – but this rural work boosted my confidence, blew apart some long-held assumptions and taught me some valuable life lessons. Most notably, that you can't judge a woman by her chosen sport, that free food is good food, and that power can be

created and seized just by dishing up dead pig. I will for ever embrace my inner crackling dictator (despite being a vegetarian). She's won me some notable professional battles, far away from any field in Cambridgeshire.

(Source: [www.theguardian.com](http://www.theguardian.com))

**Example:**

0. *At the stand where she worked in Peterborough, the writer...*

- A** discovered a domineering side to her character. ✓
- B** felt ashamed of her bossy manners.
- C** was humbled by the numbing nature of the work.

1. At the spit, the writer ...
  - A** suffered from frequent bouts of anxiety.
  - B** tapped into dormant attributes.
  - C** wasn't her usual down-to-earth self.
2. The writer ...
  - A** hints she felt no inclination towards conservative politics.
  - B** used to serve ample portions to right-wing sympathisers.
  - C** was generally stinting with female customers.
3. The writer ...
  - A** kept nursing her newly acquired taste for being in command in her next job.
  - B** was resentful of people of higher social standing.
  - C** was unconcerned about how she would be treated at the three-day-event.
4. According to the writer, drudge work ...
  - A** gives you little opportunity to mingle with sophisticated people.
  - B** helps you gain a more optimistic outlook.
  - C** is more manageable when done for polite people.
5. The writer and her mates got free food by being ...
  - A** naïve.
  - B** straightforward.
  - C** wily.
6. The main benefit the writer and her mates drew from working at the country shows was ...
  - A** a good grounding in a prospective career.
  - B** free food for the rest of the summer.
  - C** furnishings for their university accommodation.
7. The writer's summer jobs ...
  - A** helped her become a self-assured woman.
  - B** made her cling on to most of her beliefs.
  - C** taught her how to control her overbearing character.



# soluciones

## COMPRESIÓN DE TEXTOS ESCRITOS

TAREA 1: IN DEFENSE OF THE ENDANGERED TREE OCTOPUS (7 X 1 = 7 PUNTOS)

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
G	H	D	C	A	B	E

TAREA 2: THE PORCINE QUEEN 7 X 1 = 7 PUNTOS)

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
B	A	B	B	C	A	A

TAREA 3: ONE SIZE FITS ALL (12 X 0,5 = 6 PUNTOS)

1	2	3	4	5	6
C	B	B	C	A	B
7	8	9	10	11	12
A	C	A	B	C	C